

"THE Wrongs of Ireland" is the best-staged and the most popular drama in human experience, excelling even "Uncle Tom's Cabin," having played to receipts of several million dollars in this country alone.

And now the tears start afresh as a fifth act, the most bloody of all, has been added to this desperate tragedy. Behind the curtain which the censor draws one hears the muffled agonies as the darkened Irish stage throbs with the portent of still greater disasters.

As the cable calls the roll of the executed Irish leaders in this mad enterprise, Americans are only vaguely appreciative of the fact that something tremendous has occurred. For we are now inured to violence, and are temporarily incapable of weighing values.

No man can admire Washington and his rebellion and entirely curse those who follow his example.

From much lauding of Washington, the "traitor, who disgraced his British uniform" by rebellion, who trafficked with the enemies of England in Paris, and who hailed with joy the arrival of the French ships of war, we Americans have grown tolerant of rebels.

About the most sordid death in the world is death in the trenches in a senseless warfare of peasant against fellow peasant. But the most glorious death is death for internal human liberty. For this Hampden and Eliot rotted in prison. For this Tone, Emmet and Pearse died. And for this the heroes who died under Washington gave their lives.

However sanely we Americans who stand aloof may deplore this rash adventure, how can we avoid feeling a flush of agitation over the ill-fated "Irish Republic"?

None but a Goya, with his pitiless brush, could do justice to the ghastly task of the royal firing-squad as it executed the "frightfulness" orders of the crown and shot down Patrick H. Pearse, Thomas MacDonagh, Joseph Plunkett, Major McBride and the other mad leaders of a lost cause.

Voltaire, in his essay on "Toleration," begging that executioners stay their ax, asked:

"Do you reason thus illogically: These men rebelled when I treated them ill, therefore they will rebel when I treat them well?"

But that clemency scarcely answered the Prussians, and "frightfulness" becomes a military necessity.

POUNDER THE PROBABILITIES
HAD GEORGE WASHINGTON
BEEN CAPTURED.

Had Washington been captured, doubtless, he too would have paid for his failure with his neck, and, doubtless, he would have done so gallantly.

The loss of life in Dublin appals one. In the light of the failure, the whole uprising is deplored by Irish-American and Canadian-American sympathizers.

Those who took part earned their reward—death. Death was the stake for which they played, and their execution offers no new precedent. Those who win become gods.

Juvenal wrote a great while ago: "One man meets an infamous punishment for that crime which confers a diadem upon another."

People of common clay can reserve their applause for those who win, but the utterly hopeless nature of the rebellion of these Dublin and Limerick "intellectuals," with 3,000,000 armed men in England, a perfect English naval investment of the Irish coast, and heavy guards of English regulars supplementing the Ulster volunteers in Ireland, makes the event all the more appealing to the true Irish-American heart, still capable of responding to Moore's lines on Tara's halls:

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throbs she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives.

The resentment evinced by the British authorities against the Irish in the United States, whom they "blame for the uprising quite as much as they do the Germans," does not further endear Irish-Americans to the Allied cause, in so far as that cause has to do with the prestige of England.

As a matter of fact Irish-Americans believe that the rebellion was neither

IRELAND, REPUBLIC FOR A DAY

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By WILLIAM J. BLACK

Cartoon by Boardman Robinson

made in Germany nor in the United States, that it is not religious, but national, and that it is not over, but may be just commencing as a deeply rooted national movement, notwithstanding the assurances of the censor who announced a loyal and an enlisting Ireland two weeks before he announced "the complete pacification" of a revolted Ireland.

THE REVOLT DOES NOT MEAN
THAT IRELAND IS HOSTILE
TO THE ALLIES.

Those Irish-Americans who feel for the Allied cause are none the less capable of feeling for the Irish cause.

It is absolutely essential for the understanding of the attitude of the American and Canadian Irish and of the Irish in Ireland to know that their hearts may be with the Allied cause as it effects Eu-

paredness. Nevertheless, the English set such store by the preservation of the Union, as a part of the "defence of the realm" and of the safety of the insular flank and of the splendid isolation of the Isles, that they grant Ireland everything but independence.

They grant Ireland the right to buy back with interest the confiscated Irish lands; they grant her home rule in suspense with the "curse of Carson" upon it; they grant her the right to enlist for the protection of lesser nations; they grant her every measure of self-government compatible with English government; they fill her lap with viands and with jewels; but they keep her in chains.

For a Free Ireland would be a menace to English security, which, as any Englishman immediately sees, is a consideration paramount to the mere security of

the Catholic hierarchy, always conservative, as under Daniel O'Connell, who was the embodiment of political reaction, has never fostered rebellion and does not foster the new Gaelic literary revival.

Englishmen, then, have offered their lives for other causes than those which have to do with Downing Street diplomacies.

In fact, one can fancy the private satisfaction that may come to the Guelph monarch of Britain at the thought of rebellion. For through the rebellion against the Stuarts in 1660, and the invitation to a German prince (the Dutch house of Orange being German) signed by British traitors, the House of Guelph enjoys its imperial honors.

And the heavy hand of that German prince, invited by British traitors, fell most severely upon the Irish after his

the Protestant patriot of 1798, by Robert Emmet, the Protestant patriot of 1803, or the subsequent riots of the past century of turmoil.

This seven-day dream of an Irish Republic, dreamed by intellectual dreamers, was worthy of the old harpers who sang of splendid deaths for Liberty.

A REBELLION OF SCHOOL MASTERS, WITH A POET FOR PRESIDENT.

Here was no cheap "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary" rabble, prattling of the liberation of an Alsace and Lorraine which they thought to be Rumanian queens, but a rebellion of schoolmasters and poets for the liberation of Erin, so pricelessly dear to them.

At a time when we Americans are trying to lash ourselves into a rush of pa-

Imagine the United States, fed-up and bourgeois, or England, with her dull comforts, having an intellectual movement.

Naturally, we look with increased alarm upon such a rebellion. For as it has not enlisted the hierarchy or the elected representatives under John Redmond, or the Anglican clergy and officialdom, let us be sure we are in the presence of a true revolt of the people, just as Daniel O'Connell was when he denounced the Chartists and the Irish mobs that ultimately forced the constitutional concessions which his "constitutional methods" failed to force.

Ireland seethes with the new nationalism, and is alive with a new intelligence. A half century of sufficient nutriment has developed latent talents. The Irish Volunteers, 100,000 in number, attest this unity of the religions and of the Irish beyond the Pale.

Though having disabused ourselves of our self-imposed religious disabilities, perhaps we are still incapable of understanding the Irish nationalist movement because it ignores both church and state, both the Ulster manufacturer and the Connaught landlord.

We suspect it of the horribly vulgar taint of fundamental democracy. The flag of the Irish Volunteer is Green, White and Orange. Its aim is human liberty and national expression.

England now reaps the whirlwind where its pets, Carson and French sowed. The smoking ruins of Dublin are the reflex of Carson's bloodless revolution. The better to justify and arm the Ulster Carsonites, England permitted two armed camps to arise, with an Irish arsenal in every town and an Orange lodge on every battlement.

But the government knew how to handle the matter; governments always know.

Whipping the Irish into recruiting, and finally on April 20 obliging them to give up their volunteer arms, goaded the Dublin intellectuals into their hopeless rebellion. For well they believed that the wretched Home Rule bill, with its English double veto, would never be enforced.

In every war the English have had to fight the Irish. When the Irish brigades were winning glory in Spain under Wellington, Irish rebels were inviting the French to land in Ireland.

When England crushed the Boer republic, the better to insure the rights of lesser nations, she fought against Irish regiments. And on the day that Irish regiments blocked the German drive on the Flanders front, England was at pains to protect the rights of lesser nations in Dublin.

The "little bit of heaven" called Ireland is known to English translators by another name.

That recruiting will be impossible in Ireland hereafter is the belief of Irish-Americans. And the sympathy lent to the Allied cause by more than half of the Irish here is given pause.

SEVERITY OF THE PUNISHMENT
GAINS THE ALLIED
CAUSE NOTHING.

Recruiting among the Irish and French-Canadians, never excessive, will now be impossible. For they ask themselves, "Shall we be asked to suppress the Irish in Dublin and Limerick if we enlist, just as the Australians came half way across the world to fight for liberty in Egypt?"

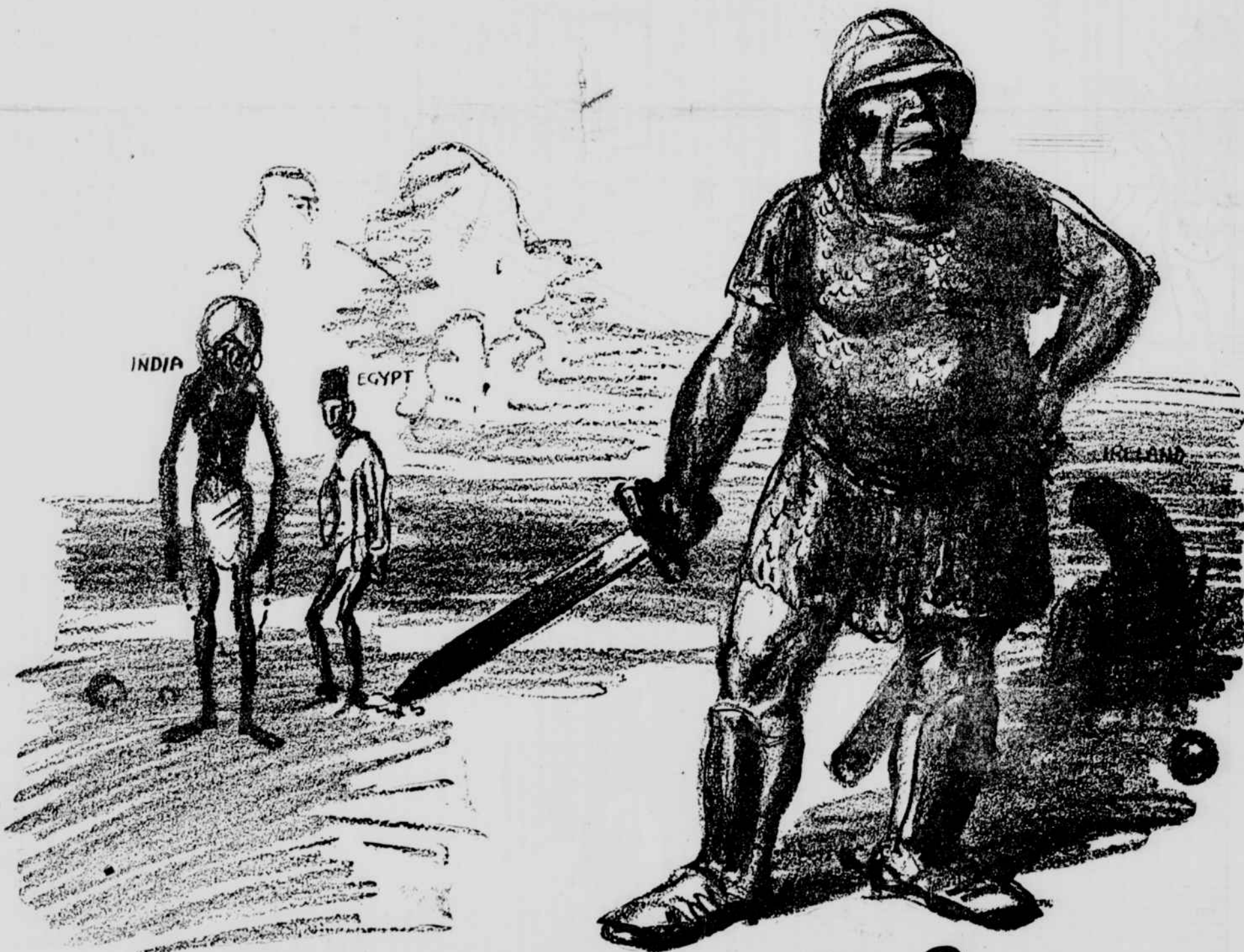
For this reason, the severity of the punishment inflicted on the Irish leaders is deplored. It gains the Allied cause nothing.

The Catholics who held aloof because of the ecclesiastical caution will make greater heroes of these martyred Protestant leaders than they would had the martyrs been of their own faith. For the Irish Protestants had more to lose and less to gain.

We have been in attendance, then, upon the making of heroes and martyrs. We have observed the most tremendous internal uprising among British people since our own Revolution. And we have witnessed something which we will better understand when time has relieved us of the mental disabilities incident to the world war.

For nothing is more certain than that the next generation of men on earth will sing also of these executed English and Irish schoolmasters:

Oh! make them a grave where the sun-
beams rest
When they promise a glorious morrow.



"For without a dominant England, how, otherwise, are smaller nations to have their rights protected?"

rope only, that the Irish rebel leaders are nearly all Protestants, that their followers are two-thirds Catholics and one-third Protestants, that some of them are English, that the movement was started by the intellectuals and that the rebellion was forced upon them at this time by the recruiting whip, by the order of April 20 to disarm, and by the successful example of the Orange rebels, Carson and French, the one about to be Premier of Great Britain and the other late commander-in-chief of the forces fighting on the continent "for the emancipation of subject peoples."

The pacification of Ireland was not one of the cardinal features of British pre-

the Irish. For without a dominant England, how, otherwise, are smaller nations to have their rights protected?

Washington was an Englishman; so was Pearse, and so is Casement. So, too, were Fitzgerald and the Plunketts. Pim and Mellowes, who were arrested several months ago for opposing recruiting, were Ulster Englishmen. Professor Paul Chevasse, who was arrested at Limerick a fortnight ago for speaking Gaelic, is an English professor at Oxford.

In fact, the new Gaelic school is composed in great part of English-Irishmen and Protestants. Yeats, Synge, Lady Gregory, these are Protestants. In fact,

Boyer victory and confiscated their lands, which the peasants now have a chance to buy back at current prices.

Schooling ourselves in the logic of history and in the softening influences of toleration, let us consider that some of our very best heroes were rebels and traitors and English, and that some of our choicest monarchs were the product of national betrayal.

The foolhardy nature of their wild enterprise need not obscure the high personal character of the eight men who were executed, nor of the 3,000 prisoners now in the British dragnet.

The rising was formidable compared with the paltry riots led by Wolfe Tone,

triotism let us not too harshly condemn the access of nationality manifested by the Sinn Fein rebellion of schoolmasters.

Sinn Fein (pronounced shin fine) means Ourselves Together, that is, Ireland for the Irish, and not for the Prussian, or the Saxon, or other Teuton berserkers who derive from the North and Baltic seas with their bullying bent.

Ireland, then, has an intellectual movement, graced by Patrick H. Pearse, the gentle poet and teacher, provisional president and madman; Thomas MacDonagh, traitor, martyr, teacher, lecturer and bard; Yeats, Synge, Plunkett and Hyde.